

THE
LETTERS
OF
CHARLOTTE.

VOL. II.

SECRET

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding dates. The names are: "John", "Mary", "James", "Elizabeth", "Thomas", "Sarah", "Michael", "David", "William", "Richard", "Robert", "Henry", "George", "Charles", "Edward", "John", "Mary", "James", "Elizabeth", "Thomas", "Sarah", "Michael", "David", "William", "Richard", "Robert", "Henry", "George", "Charles", "Edward". The dates are: "1790", "1791", "1792", "1793", "1794", "1795", "1796", "1797", "1798", "1799", "1800", "1801", "1802", "1803", "1804", "1805", "1806", "1807", "1808", "1809", "1810", "1811", "1812", "1813", "1814", "1815", "1816", "1817", "1818", "1819", "1820", "1821", "1822", "1823", "1824", "1825", "1826", "1827", "1828", "1829", "1830", "1831", "1832", "1833", "1834", "1835", "1836", "1837", "1838", "1839", "1840", "1841", "1842", "1843", "1844", "1845", "1846", "1847", "1848", "1849", "1850", "1851", "1852", "1853", "1854", "1855", "1856", "1857", "1858", "1859", "1860", "1861", "1862", "1863", "1864", "1865", "1866", "1867", "1868", "1869", "1870", "1871", "1872", "1873", "1874", "1875", "1876", "1877", "1878", "1879", "1880", "1881", "1882", "1883", "1884", "1885", "1886", "1887", "1888", "1889", "1890", "1891", "1892", "1893", "1894", "1895", "1896", "1897", "1898", "1899", "1900", "1901", "1902", "1903", "1904", "1905", "1906", "1907", "1908", "1909", "1910", "1911", "1912", 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THE
LETTERS
OF
CHARLOTTE,
DURING HER CONNEXION WITH
WERTER.

Grazia sola di su ne vaglia, inanti
Che piu 'l desio d' amore al cor s' invecchi.

VOL. II.

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MDCCLXXXVI.

THE

LETTERS

OF

CHARLOTTE

DURING A CONFINEMENT WITH

WERTHER

CHARLOTTE'S JOURNAL, 1794-1795
AND HER LETTERS TO HER FRIENDS

VOLUME II

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NEW YORK

CHARLOTTE, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

WERTER has been here, and prevented my writing to you so soon as I intended. I will now proceed with the story of Henry, on whose behalf you express yourself with so much feeling. Believe me, he is worthy of your commiseration.

It was not till after a peremptory command from my father, that Henry

could be prevailed on to dine with us. He had much rather have amused himself in the woods. My father's command, however, was not to be resisted ; and Henry dined with us.— I was shocked to see him so pale ; and privately told Albert my opinion, that Henry was in love.—“ Henry,” I said, “ if this were the proper season of the year, I should say, you had robbed the garden of all the snow-drops.” This brought the colour into his cheeks so much, that Albert said, “ You mean the beet-root, Charlotte, for the colour is high, and I suppose temporary.” This occasioned a general smile, and heightened the confusion of Henry. I pitied him, and was sorry for what I had said. He hung down his head, and I could just see so much of his eyes, as to perceive a starting tear.

I wished

I wished to relieve him ; when Albert added, “ I suppose Henry has changed complexion with some delicate girl.”—“ No,” said I, “ Henry is too great a favourite with the muses, to hold intercourse with mortals. “ Pray, Sir,” I added, “ to which of the nine do you give the preference ?”—“ Madam,” replied Henry, “ when I am reading Petrarch, I cannot but adore the muse that gives language to the inspirations of love ; but when I am so happy, madam, as to hear your harpsichord, I am sensible of the immediate presence of the charming muse that fills the soul with harmony, and I anticipate the bliss of immortality.”—This was too elegant a compliment to pass unnoticed. “ Sir,” said I, “ that is a poetical effusion so much in my favour, as to merit my best curtsy : it is a Parnassian flower

of the most delicate cultivation."—
 This threw him into confusion again ;
 but Frederick taking up the conversation, Henry had time to recover himself. — " It is a difficult thing, sometimes," said Frederick, " to make a proper distinction between the weeds and the flowers of Parnassus : so difficult, that I have known many prefer the former to the latter ; nay, I believe, most young people do."—
 " Frederick," I said, " don't be so severe upon Henry's compliment and my judgment." — " Nay, madam," replied he, " you interrupt me before I declare my opinion : I was going to say, it was a nosegay presented from one muse to another."—" You are right," said Albert, " though I think Henry the most of a muse of the two, if we can admit the idea of a male muse ; the muses never write themselves :

selves : and if Henry possesses their
 power, he is not destitute of their in-
 dolence." — " Probably," I said,
 " Henry has written something." —
 " Madam," replied Henry, " be as-
 sured I have not : though I love the
 muses, the muses love not me : and I
 must confess, that I think all human
 language inadequate to express the
 feelings on *some* poetical occasions."
 This gave Frederick an opportunity
 to exercise his raillery respecting Hen-
 ry's feelings, and from thence advert-
 ing to his melancholy. But as I
 think nothing so inhuman as sporting
 with the feelings of others, I presently
 put an end to the conversation, by
 starting a general subject.

My father had, all this time, been
 engaged in discourse with W. Selftadt,
 about English horses ; so that Henry's
 confusion and compliments had es-

caped his attention; and it was well they did, for it would not have been in my power to have stopped his rallery. You, my dear Carolina, have more than once felt the effects of my father's satiric jocularity.

From what I had observed, no doubt remained with me respecting Henry's melancholy. But I was extremely concerned to find myself the cause of his misery; and began to consider in what manner I should act so as to relieve him from his distress, without injury to my own feelings. It was at this time, my dearest friend, that I wanted your counsel and assistance. I had nobody in whom I could repose confidence: Theresa was in the town, and you was then in England.—I considered Henry's natural disposition and acquirements, and I found that they all contributed to root
the

the passion in his heart. I well knew that it would be the height of cruelty to treat it with derision; and I fancied that I knew enough of the human mind, to use him with respect, without flattering him with hopes that could never be realized.

LETTER XXXII.

SHE must be strangely destitute of feeling, who, conscious that she is beloved by another, with-holds from her lover, that share of respect and complaisance to which he would be entitled, and which she would pay him, as a visiting acquaintance. Though this conduct is very common, there is in it something extremely ridiculous, and, in my opinion, extremely wrong. Notwithstanding the difference of our situations, and that this kind of conduct might not, according to general construction, appear improper in me, I determined not to add to the sufferings of Henry by adopting it.

I had now made considerable progress in the English language, and, at
the

the request of Albert, had translated '*Hassan, or the Camel-driver,*' the most beautiful eclogue of Collins, one of the modern English poets; and, Albert being impatient for a copy, I sent the translation to Henry, requesting him to transcribe it for me. He soon returned me a copy, and expressed a desire to make one for himself. As I knew that he was fond of the English language, I complied with his request, and when he returned my translation, it was accompanied with some complimentary verses to myself. Unfortunately, the servant, in coming from Henry, was met by my father, who, having occasion to send him elsewhere, took the papers from him, read them, and the immediate dismissal of Henry was the consequence.

The discovery of his passion, and the dismissal from his service, gave a double

double stab to the peace of Henry ; his melancholy increased, and soon terminated in a total deprivation of his reason ; his frenzy became desperate ; and it was found necessary to have recourse to confinement, and the means usually practised for the relief of the most miserable of the human race. In this unhappy situation he continued a whole year, and gradually relapsed into his former state of melancholy. In this state he remains : an example of the influence of passion on delicate feelings ; the wonder of the vulgar, and the pity of his friends.

Such, my dearest Carolina, is the story, such have been the sufferings, and such is the situation, of the unhappy youth, the object of your enquiry, and of your commiseration. As he was the principal support of his mother, she also became an object of compassion ; and, that best of women,
my

my dearest mother, when Henry became insane, allowed her a decent maintenance ; and since my mother's death, I have added something to her bounty ; and though I have no hope, that Henry's mind will ever be re-illuminated with the light of reason, yet I trust, that Providence will enable me to protect him from the common ills of life, the bitterness of poverty, and the wanton pastime of unfeeling minds.—Alas ! I cannot do more—I will not do less.—Adieu !

L E T T E R

L E T T E R X X X I I I .

Y O U R reflections on the story of Henry, do much credit to your understanding, as well as to your humanity ; and your solicitation to contribute to his relief, I regard as a most exalted proof of that friendship for me, which you have ever professed, and from which I have derived no inconsiderable share of my happiness ; and though I well know, that my dear Carolina is “ more willing to give than to receive,” and that no character so well becomes her as that of a benefactress ; yet, having sufficiently provided for Henry, I cannot think of diverting the current of your benevolence from other objects, equally entitled

titled to the tear of compassion, and the relief of generosity.

No, my dear girl—this must not be ;—but as I am unaccustomed wholly to refuse the solicitations of my Carolina, I will, in some measure, and conditionally, agree to your request.—My dear girl well knows, on what terms we hold the breath of existence—“ the battle is not to the strong,”—the grave may receive Charlotte, and leave Henry destitute.—Need I say more ?—I know that my Carolina will become a Charlotte to Henry ;—that he will find a protecting angel in her friend, when Charlotte is no more.

L E T

L E T T E R XXXIV.

THE arrival of a Spanish gentleman at the town, who was very particular in his enquiries after Mrs. W. the mother of my Theresa, required her presence there; and Albert staid some days, on business of his own. He is now returned, and Werter continues to visit us as usual. I am greatly at a loss for Theresa, as you may well suppose; though Albert is enough at home to prevent much solicitude respecting Werter. The most cordial friendship subsists between them; and I shall be extremely happy if the love of Werter for Charlotte shall be lost in his friendship for Albert. This could not fail
being

being productive of much happiness ;
and I trust in Providence, it will be
so.

I am greatly obliged to my dear
Carolina, for the repeated instances
I receive of her friendly regard, and
estimation of my sentiments. You
say right, my dear girl, I am *not*
vain of my conquests, as they are
generally called. There can be lit-
tle merit in a conquest gained with-
out resistance, and where the van-
quished prefer chains to freedom.
An involuntary passion may excite
pity, but that mind must be very
weak in which it excites vanity.
And yet what is so apt to make us
vain, as the idea of having at our
disposal, the happiness of others ?
Where the passion is real, I always
regard it in too serious a light to
make it an object of vanity ; and
surely

surely there is a crime in wantonly sporting with the feelings of others. I am, therefore, often surprized, and as frequently hurt, by the conduct of those who take delight in exposing the weaknesses of their lovers, without considering, that, at the same time, they expose their own. But when they are charged with the impropriety, the usual apology is, that “they know not the gentleman’s *real* sentiments.” I think a man cannot long feign a passion without being discovered:—a hypocrite is a difficult character to sustain in every thing but religion, as it is more easy to affect solemnity than passion.—Where affection is feigned, coquetry is allowable in those who have inclination and spirits to support it; but I should rather choose to treat pretended love with silent contempt.

You

You will perceive, my dear friend, that I regard lovers, as poor people do beggars : I give them good words, and tell them to go to those who are richer than myself. Indeed, there is self-interest at the bottom of this charity.—I have a wonderful facility in assuming the situations of others, and frequently recollect the language of a certain lover *, who, with no small ingenuity, reminds his mistress, that she may, some time, want the consolation he solicits.

If ever—as that ever may be near—

You meet in some fresh cheek the pow'r of fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

These poetical predictions, you know, are not to be totally disregarded.

* Sylvius to Phoebe, in 'As You Like it.'

Vanity,

Vanity, you see, has nothing to do in my system. I regard it as an exotic not worth cultivation ; and when I perceive it budding, I try to pluck it up by the roots, but its texture is such, that it generally breaks in the ground. Sometimes it seems to have lost all power of vegetation ; at others, it shoots up again in an hour. Sometimes it will bud when I am reading English ; but the very sight of a Greek alphabet stops it in an instant.

If there were a possibility of deducing a right to be vain, I should claim mine from having it in my power to call Carolina and Theresa my friends, and Albert by a dearer name ; for the affection of my female friends, as well as that of Albert, is founded, I trust, on the basis of those qualities of the mind, without which friendship
and

and love have no claim to that permanency by which they are ripened to perfection.—That our friendship, my dear Carolina, may remain durable and happy, is never omitted in the best wishes of Charlotte.

L E T:

LETTER XXXV.

ALAS, my Carolina!—I flatter myself with hopes that are vain. The passion of Werter, I fear, knows no bounds. Last night whilst I was playing a pathetic air on my harpsichord, Albert was reading and Werter leaned on the back of my chair, and turned over the leaves of the music as I played; at last I perceived his hand tremble, and in turning over the last page, his tears dropped on my arm. I was alarmed, and instantly struck into a lively air, *con spirito*, but confusedly, and, for a moment, in the wrong key. The sudden change, with the dissonance, interrupted Albert, who said, “Why, Charlotte, such a change as that, is enough to shake

shake Werter's nerves to pieces!"—
 Werter walked about the room in agitation; I played still louder, and Albert resumed his reading.

I was distressed. It is at these moments, that I doubly regret the loss of Theresa's company. I never more anxiously wished for my father to come in. Albert having finished the book he was reading, went up stairs for the next volume.—I expostulated with Werter—"Forgive me, Charlotte," he said, "forgive my weakness—yet why do I call it weakness?—it is the effect of that attachment which"—"Consider, Werter!" I said, "consider!—and be calm."—Albert entered the room, and I left off playing. I perceived it was with difficulty that Werter could compose his spirits. Fortunately my father came in, and my alarms were dissipated in general conversation.

The

The disquietude these scenes give me, is inconceivable; and I look forward with terror to succeeding days.— Say, my Carolina, what can I do?— Albert is impatient—my father solicitous—O, my dear friend!—when will my heart find peace again?—when shall it be undisturbed by any emotion, but that of happiness?

L E T

L E T T E R XXXVI.

THAT our happiness or misery should so frequently depend on others, is the most unanswerable proof that society is the proper sphere of human action; and that he was well acquainted with human nature, who said, "None of us liveth to himself."—To philosophize, you will say, argues a mind at ease:—and the mind of your Charlotte *is* at ease—Werter is gone.

It is some days since we saw him last *. He met Albert and me at the end of the terrace in the evening: we sat down; but Werter walked backwards and forwards with emotion. I

* See Werter, Letter xxxvii.

saw his agitation, and attributed it to a painful recollection of past events. My mind, from the same principle, was filled with the image of my dear mother : I spoke of her virtues—source of tenderness, of inexhaustible contemplation !—I recalled to my memory those happy evenings when—sitting round our winter fire,—Albert has often thrown aside his books, and received more wisdom from her conversation than they could teach.—“ Happy ! happy evenings ! ”—I said, “ You, Albert, as one of her children, received her dying benediction : she blessed us—with her last breath.”—Albert embraced me tenderly :—“ She did, Charlotte,” he said, “ she did, and we *shall* be happy.”—Wetter shed tears : I knew not then that they were the tears of separation as well as of sympathy.

A day

A day or two afterwards, we received a letter from him, by which we learn, that he is employed in some trust under the Minister. Albert is fearful that the spirit and eccentricity of Werter will militate against his court interest. I hope, however, that business, dissipation, and other objects, will reduce the strength of his partiality for me, into that species of friendship which may contribute to our happiness.—Once more, my dear Carolina, the heart of your Charlotte, enjoys domestic peace.—Adieu!

LETTER XXXVII.

THE indisposition of your worthy aunt, is a circumstance that grieves me, not only in itself, but as it deprives me of your promised visit. As you do not come, we shall not go to the ball : for—O Carolina ! how shall I mention it ?—preparations are making—and the day approaches—*that* day—O my sweet friend !—may happy years succeed it !—

And will you not come, and see your friend, your Charlotte—I cannot write—Albert is gone for Theresa—My heart flutters, my hand trembles—Adieu !—Pray heaven for white hours !

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE ceremony is performed, which binds me for ever to Albert. All my friends were present, except my dear Carolina and Werter. It was my father's pleasure, that our nuptials should be public.—And now, my dear girl, the fate of Charlotte,—the important act,—the irrevocable word—is ratified! Have compassion on poor Adolphus Ferdinand, and accompany your Charlotte on her new journey.—Again adieu!

LETTER XXXIX.

HOW happily do you unite sincerity and elegance!—Your last letter charms me, and I trust in Providence for the completion of your predictions.—I read a part of it to Albert —“ Tell her,” he said, “ that I love her, for loving you; and that I will do all in my power to establish her prophetic character, so long as she prophesies felicity to Charlotte.”—And so he will; for my dearest Albert is not the slave of passion. I have witnessed several instances of his steadiness in friendship; and what is love but the most zealous friendship?

The evening before the ceremony took place, Albert, with great good humour,

humour, observed, that it sometimes happened, women had favours to request, or rather, said he, orders to give to their intended husbands, which, being neglected a certain time, were not always complied with. "Now," added Albert, "I know that my dear Charlotte will never ask of Albert in vain, because she will never make an improper request; but as the last compliment I can pay her as a bachelor, I beg of you, Charlotte, to make some demand, in complying with which, I may conclude the services of a lover before marriage."

I was happy in this opportunity of mentioning a circumstance, that I had often wished, but did not know how to introduce. — "Yes, Albert," I said, "I will ask a favour of you, a serious favour." —

H 4

"What,

“ What, Charlotte ?” he said with impatience, for he saw I was agitated—“ what does my dear Charlotte ask ?”—“ O Albert !” I said, “ in our happiness let us not forget the miseries of others :—you know not, Albert—neither does my father know—that I am the only guardian—except heaven—the sole guardian of poor Henry—unfortunate and innocent.” —“ Had it been a stranger, nay, and unworthy too,” said Albert, “ I should have confirmed thy bounty ; but for the poor young man, whose sufferings arise from a love for Charlotte, I will provide him amply ; and I am happy, Charlotte,” he added, “ I am happy you have mentioned it.”

This, my dear Carolina, was my last request. Albert has provided for Henry and his mother : they can never

ver want the common comforts of
 life. You cannot conceive how this
 action endeared Albert to me : it gave
 ease to my mind ; and added lustre
 to the torch of Hymen.

LETTER XL

ALWAYS happy to meet the wishes of my dear friend, the following are the lines written to me, by the unfortunate Henry, which discovered his passion to my father, and occasioned his dismissal. You will recollect, that they accompanied my translation of *Hassan*, which I would have also sent, but think it too imperfect.

Go, simple verse, with Charlotte's matchless strain,
 —The humble daisy with the eglantine—
 Reveal what artless Henry strives to hide:
 Reveal the woe that drowns this heart of mine.

Tell her, 'tis not alone the favour'd rose
 That drinks the nectar of the morning dew:
 The lowly field-flower sinks with liquid pearl,
 And in the blessing finds affliction too.

Tell

Tell her, the lowliest of the admiring throng,
Whose verse her flattering kindness taught to flow,
By fortune banish'd from the soothing smile,
In secret sorrow mutes o'er his woe.

So when the choristers of vocal woods
Have sung their amorous songs the live-long day,
Sad Philomela to the night complains,
And lonely warbles on the cheerless spray.

Sweet, sorrow-breathing bird! O might my strain
In aught but melancholy equal thine,
Then should that pity which thy song inspires,
That pity then should sooth this breast of mine.

But me no muses taught with skilful strains
To mock the harmony of heavenly spheres;
The muse of melancholy blots my verse,
And brings no other aid than sighs and tears.

On earth no garland grows for this sad brow;—
For me, alas! the fates unkindly wove
The sable cypress of consuming grief
With thy sweet rosebuds, hope-deluding love!

A heaven, O Charlotte! is thy matchless form,
Where dwell those powers that are more divine:
There the illumin'd star of science glows;—
The graces in a constellation shine!

I hear harmonious sounds—'tis Charlotte's voice!—
I hear her strike the sorrow-soothing lyre;
Ah! how persuasive is that melting air,
That makes my bosom thrill with new desire!

But, O presumptuous youth ! forbear to tell
 With what emotions thy fond breast may glow :—
 Hide thee, vain youth, in some sequester'd shade,
 Where Walheim's waving willows weep thy woe !

You may discover, in this hasty composition, the seeds of genius, which time and cultivation might have ripened to maturity.—Abandoned by reason, the muses have not forsaken Henry ; he sometimes writes for a few minutes, verses that resemble the united melody of birds ; a kind of music without harmony.

. L E T-

L E T T E R X L I.

YOUR observations on the absence of Werter, are very just; and it has been well remarked, that absence does not always eradicate passion. I remember one of the English poets observes, absence acts on the mind of a lover, as a tempestuous wind does on flames of fire, which, if weak, are quickly extinguished; but when extended, burn with double fury.—It is upon this principle, I suppose, that the heroines of ancient romance doomed their knights to certain periods of absence: so that every thing we read in those curious productions, are not entirely destitute of nature.

I have

I have just received a letter from Werter *, which affords me some hope of his forming an attachment with a Miss B. of whom he speaks in high terms, and as one whose ideas correspond with his own. His letter, however, is in the same strain of enthusiasm as usual, and he regrets his absence from Walheim. I wish the charms of Miss B. may reconcile him to his situation.

We have — or, more properly, Theresa has had, a visitor from the town: Ernestus M.—He is a lover of Theresa's, but, unfortunately for him, he is a great beau; a species of animal, to which Theresa has an invincible antipathy. Certainly, a minute attention to external ornament

* See Werter, Letter XLII.

indicates

indicates interior imbecility. But allowance, I think, ought to be made for situation and circumstances: a continual residence in a town, may demand that attention to dress, which, in the country, would be totally unnecessary; I mean in a certain class of people, whose business it is to engage respect, and to conciliate esteem; with a gentleman it can make no difference: he will always be well dressed; but when he makes even a splendid appearance, it will be without a single article that goes towards constituting a beau.

A man of this stamp is incapable of love; and Ernestus M. knows so little of it, that he cannot even assume a passion, which, we are told, "all can feign, but few can feel." A total neglect of self, is a common consequence of real affection

tion for another ; but this kind of gentry no sooner conceive a *penchant*, as they term it—*beaux* always speak French, you know—than they endeavour to shew it by a particular attention to their own persons ; as if, like the sun, they were determined to melt one by the glare of their appearance. And this is the case with Ernestus M. who came here so outrageously genteel, that Theresa affected not to know him, and his introductory compliments, of course, being lost, I never saw any body look so foolish, and could scarcely refrain laughing.

How odious is affectation ! To see this man now, incapable of any one generous idea, destitute of all those nice distinctions, that delicacy of sentiment, and elegance of accomplishment, which are requisite to ex-
cite

cite even attention in such a mind as Theresa's : to see such a man, tricked out in the tinsel frippery of a town beau, come on a serious embassy to Theresa W !—affecting to shew his attachment by ogling with eyes, in which no expression is to be found, but that of self-complacency ; by smiles which degenerate into a grinning, expressive of consummate felicity for the possession of some rare qualities, invisible to every one but himself !—To see all this, is enough to exhaust the patience of a stoic : “ But to be the object of such addresses,” Theresa says, “ is surely a punishment for sin, and a warning sent from heaven, to guard one against the horrible crimes of hypocrisy and affectation !”

“ And why,” said I, “ of hypocrisy ?—perhaps the man loves you,
though

though he has a mighty silly way of shewing it."—"It is impossible," replied Theresa, "he may, indeed, have some real regard to what little fortune I possess; but if he is capable of any friendly attachment, which, however, I do not allow, it is already in the possession of another lady: a lady previously attached to a gentleman of a quite opposite character. His name is Antonine; her's Adelaide. Ernestus was introduced to Adelaide as the friend of her lover, and, like the serpent in Paradise, he determined on the seduction of Adelaide, and so far succeeded, that Antonine presently discovered he had lost both his mistress and his friend. Nothing," added Theresa, "could equal the misery of Antonine, as you may readily conceive, when I tell you, that he resembled Werter in
almost

almost every thing, but abilities. To find himself, one day, the happiest of men, and counting on long years of felicity to come—and the next, destitute of all that, in his eyes, could give a charm to existence; to think that he who had been an object of envy, must never again feel that peace, which is the balm of life; that a perpetual separation must take place, and the hands of Antonine and Adelaide never be rejoined;—that every thing was sacrificed to the vanity of a wretch, incapable of setting a proper value on what Antonine esteemed beyond all riches; for the vanity of an amour with Adelaide, was all the happiness Ernestus could know:—the contemplation of these objects, induced Antonine to retire into this neighbourhood, with a resolution never

ver to revisit a place which must remind him that he once was happy, and redouble those inexpressible sorrows, which a mind like his must suffer from divided affection."

"Indeed, Theresa," I said, "I pity Antonine; and if he is, as you say, in this neighbourhood, let us endeavour to administer to his relief, by making him one of our musical party, for, by your description, his acquaintance is not altogether unworthy of cultivation."—"I know him," replied Theresa, "and will introduce him, and you will then be able to judge whether I have done him justice in a little poem I am writing, under the title of *Antonine and Adelaide*."

"But how is it, Theresa," I said, "that you permit so unworthy"—She interrupted me:—"Make yourself easy, my dear Charlotte; I fancy the
the

the presence of Ernestus will never again contaminate Walheim on *my* account."

Such, my dear Carolina, is the visitant we have had, and, I thank heaven, are never likely to have again! —Be grateful to Providence, Carolina, that Adolphus Ferdinand is not a beau! —Adieu.

L E T T E R

LETTER XLII.

SO you compare Walheim to those mountains, in which Don Quixote met with Cardenio, Dorothea, and various other lovers—and I must confess, that, what with your Ferdinand—whom you have left out of your catalogue of Walheim swains—Henry, Antonine, &c. we are as much haunted with romantic lovers, as any spot on *modern* plains. I think it would not only be charitable, but a kind of justice in you, to come and claim your own share of the spoil, or it may chance to go astray, and be lost.

You complain of me, and say, I am indolent, or that I should write more frequently. But you know how my attention is taken up with
the

the children ; and I am unwilling to resign, even to Theresa, any part of my charge—the sacred charge of the best of parents.—When I cut their bread and butter with my own hands, and see them all smiling about me ; when at night, they all kneel before me, and list the prayers their dear mother taught them, I think her blessings descend from heaven, and I feel my heart glow with the melancholy rapture of a pilgrim surrounded by the precious relict of a departed saint.

As Albert predicted, so it is : the forms and ceremonies of a court ill agree with the liberal temper of Werter, and we daily expect him at Walheim. - Besides the natural contempt he cannot but entertain for such as he must necessarily have associated with, and his aversion to a life of dissipation, he is urged by the peculiarity of his taste, to seek those shades wherein he
may

may indulge his meditative fancy, and contemplate the beauties of the universe. Whether he has resigned or not, I cannot tell. I hope, however, to find, that Miss B. has had some influence on his heart.—Be this as it may, fortunately for me, I have Theresa, who wishes to see my dear Carolina as the friend of her Charlotte, and to embrace her as one deserving *many* friends.—Adieu !

L E T;

L E T T E R XLIII.

WERTER has not only resigned, but is now at Walheim. He paid us his first visit yesterday. "Once more," he said, "I am come to enjoy a life of rationality. Like a knight-errant, I have been in quest of adventures, and met with nothing worth combating; and as to happiness, I can find it no where but at Walheim."—"What!" said Theresa, "no windmills?"—"Yes," replied Werter, "the windmills of prejudice, formality, and folly: I did indeed attack one or two; but it was an infant contending with Hercules."

"There is no true felicity," added he, "but in the country, when

Vol. II. I you

you are so happy as to meet with friends who can enter into your sentiments, and have a relish for intellectual pleasures, without which there can be no real happiness in existence. All the comforts of this world," he continued, "are comprized in a few things, elegantly described by an English poet *, who seems to me to have perfectly comprehended the true nature of social pleasure.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, tranquil quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue —

"Most of these advantages," said Theresa, "may be found in towns."
—"Happy they!" replied Werter, "who find them there, or any

* Thomson.

where!

where!—But the attention of people residing in towns, is generally directed to other objects: the petty vanity of aping the manners of a court; the perpetual contention for interest; the bustle of trade; and the vulgar prejudice, that wealth can procure every thing, when, on the contrary, it generally extinguishes all desire of intellectual attainment;—all these,” said Werter, “are causes that, with many others, operate against the cultivation of those virtues and that disposition of mind, that form the felicity of which I am speaking. Besides,” continued he, “these things, like baleful weeds, choak the tender plant of friendship: you rarely know it flourish in towns, even amongst your own sex; when I see an instance of tender friendship subsisting in a great town, I think it is like dis-

covering a sweet violet in a forest over-run with brambles and brush-wood. And without friendship," he added, " though so few in the world know more of it than the name, I do not allow a possibility of happiness :

Is aught so fair,
 In all the dewy landscape of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship ?

" But what is peculiarly grateful to me," said Werter, " is the opportunity the country affords of perpetually contemplating the beauties of nature. There are few of the pursuits of a town life that do not contract the mind ; and nothing more so, than the regular routine of that silly dissipation, in which amusement is sought,

fought, but never found. I pity those of any liberality of sentiment, who are confined to such miserable drudgery. The feelings I most delight in," added he, "are those I experience when, in a fine morning, I ascend a mountain that commands an extensive prospect of woods and waters—I look around me, and my heart glows with universal benevolence. My mind expands with the prospect before me, and I forget all the petty distinctions of mortality, by contemplating the whole globe as one spot—as a little Paradise, diversified with innumerable beautiful objects, which receive additional splendour and cheerfulness from the rays of a refulgent sun.—But when I descend again, and mix among mankind, my Paradise, which in the eye of philosophy is at most but a point,

becomes still smaller, and I find it only at Walheim. You cannot blame me then," he said, smiling, "if, like the dove from the ark, after in vain seeking for repose elsewhere, I return to the spot where I know it may be found."

My father and Albert soon after came in, and received Werter with great friendship; but I discovered embarrassment in the countenance of Werter, when he complimented Albert on our union; and felt my heart sink within me, when I saw him give a significant glance at my ring, which, I believe, he had not noticed before.

I have since been reflecting on Werter's idea of situation, as it respects happiness; and I cannot say, that I think external objects can have so much influence as he ascribes to them.

them. Felicity must originate, and have its residence in the mind *, and is to be acquired only by the cultivation of those virtues which, being intellectual, cannot be so affected by external objects, as to lose their nature, or fail of producing their natural fruit, that peace and contentment, which the operation of external circumstances can neither give nor take away.

Add to this, that it is certain, happiness is pretty equally distributed among mankind. Like the warmth of the sun, we all enjoy it, but in different degrees, and sometimes with long intervals of darkness. At one

* The leading idea of Charlotte's observation is beautifully expressed by Goldsmith :

Vain, very vain my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.

TRAVELLER.

time, it is obstructed by the passing clouds of providence; at another by the mists of error, and the storms of passion.—That my dearest Carolina may ever enjoy that “sunshine of the breast,” without which the world is a gloomy wilderness, will always be the sincere wish of her affectionate Charlotte.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLIV.

ALAS, my Carolina! I see no change in the sentiments or conduct of Werter. Nothing but the continual presence of Theresa restrains him from the commission of a thousand follies; and she is obliged to leave Walheim this week; having effects to receive from Spain, which devolve to her as the only remaining representative of her mother.

Independent of this, our time passes not unpleasantly at Walheim lodge. The children are quite happy in the return of Werter, who has told them many new stories, and has loaded them with new trinkets.

Our conversations, as usual, turn chiefly on subjects of taste, music and

literature ; and you would laugh to hear the arguments of Werter and Albert respecting Homer and Ossian* : for Ossian, you must know, has supplanted Homer in the good graces of Werter, which not a little exposes him to the ridicule of Albert, who draws comparisons between them highly degrading to Ossian.—“ Homer,” says Albert, “ is the father of the two most regular and finished poems in the world, in both of which you find all the requisites of the epic : sublime images, nervous and flowery diction, a beginning, a middle, and an end. To these,” adds he, “ you oppose a collection of northern ballads, destitute of every principle of an epic poem, except, here and there, a romantic image which pleases an imagi-

* See Werter, Letter Lxi.

nation that, like yours, delights in eccentricity."—Werter, however, has a great deal to say for his friend Ossian. My father, attending particularly to Albert, takes his side of the question, and tells Werter, that he seems to have exchanged "a pocket companion of gold for one of lead."—"No, Sir," replies Albert, "of lead ore, if you please, for it glitters more than the gold, which is no uncommon thing even with dross."

For my part, I am much pleased with many passages in Ossian; but the perpetual recurrence of the same images, and a continual effort to effect the sublime, so wearies the mind, that I can never read more than a few pages at a time. Ossian resembles a tremendous rock, over-hung with waving woods, where you may discover foaming cataracts, gloomy caverns, and dismal precipices. Homer
is

is like a fertile country, in which you may at once contemplate the variegated beauties of woods and waterfalls; torrents that rush with impetuosity from lofty mountains, and streams that murmur through Arcadian vallies. Like the shield of Achilles, the poems of Homer present the whole world to our view.

L E T T E R XLV.

I RECEIVED both your letters, my dear friend, and am glad to find you have had a healthful and agreeable journey. Indeed, you have been, what would appear to me, a long, long way ; but to you, who are a traveller, I suppose the distance was not extraordinary. I hope you have settled every thing to your aunt's satisfaction ; and that your next journey will be to Walheim.

Theresa has been gone upwards of a month ; she left us the day after I wrote my last letter to you. She will pass the Christmas holidays with us, when I hope our party will receive the addition of my dear Carolina's company. I am so accustomed to
have

have a companion, that these winter evenings are sometimes dreary; the children go early to bed, and Albert is a good deal engaged. I hope, therefore, you will commence your holidays as soon as possible; in truth, I want your assistance, your advice—for, Werter—O Carolina! my heart feels heavy as I write the name.

His assiduities are increased, and Albert daily finds him at Walheim lodge, but always bids him welcome, and has never yet intimated any disapprobation of his visits.

But I see, my dearest girl, I see that this unfortunate passion is making rapid progress in the bosom of Werter. Sometimes, when he sits silent by me, I discover tears in his eyes, whilst they are earnestly fixed on my ring, at which he gazes till the colour forsakes his cheek, and a deep sigh gives him relief. I am obliged to have
instant

instant recourse to my harpsichord, and to play some airs, by which he is particularly affected. Fortunately this expedient never fails of the desired effect; and I cannot help comparing myself to David soothing the passion of Saul. So true is it, that there is divinity in music, and such is the magic power of harmony!—When I reprove his weakness, he answers me with sighs, but assures me, he will endeavour to repress every feeling that may disturb our peace.

I remind him of Miss B. “I love her, my dear Charlotte,” he says, “because she has a liberal mind, and because she resembles you—So I told you in my letter—and though it carries the appearance of a compliment, yet, believe me, my heart dictates. Miss B. was to me, as a picture of Charlotte, endued with the power of speech.”—“Miss B.” I said, “is but
little

little obliged to you." — "Indeed, Charlotte," he replied, "I told her the same thing? and so highly does she think of you, that she is proud of being thought like so amiable an original." — "'Tis well," I said, "she is not likely to see me, or your judgment, Werter, would suffer very considerably in her opinion. Your partiality," I added, "gives grace even to foibles, and thus, beholding with disordered optics, you misrepresent." — He would not allow the inference; and I have the mortification to find Miss B. on whom I placed so many hopes, regarded but as a representative of myself. — Thus, from every concurrent circumstance, I have reason to fear, that Werter will not speedily regain that tranquillity, which forms the peculiar bliss of those who do not permit passion to usurp the authority of reason.

Advise

Advise me, my dear Carolina, what to do. His continuing to visit here, will, I fear, but increase the passion that ought to be subdued.

I thank you again and again for your elegant present of English books. I have read a volume of the "Rambler," and observe, that, like the "Night Thoughts," every line contains a sentence, and every sentence not only finds its way to the heart, but ought to be registered there.—
Adieu!

LETTER XLVI.

NO, my dear Carolina : music may sooth, but cannot subdue the passions ;—it is, indeed, a medicine of the mind, and perhaps the most efficacious :—but though it may administer temporary relief, it seldom removes the disease. Yet, I believe, every syllable I have ever read of its power. And it gives me great pleasure to find it mentioned as a “sovereign remedy” in diseases more immediately affecting the mind, by the author of the two medical volumes which formed a part of your acceptable and obliging English present, and which I had before read in a German translation *. This elegant writer has

* ‘ Medical Observations on Diseases peculiar to Women,’ by Dr. John Leake, of Craven-street ; translated into the German, &c.

observed, that "the salutary power of music, and its manner of operating on the body and mind, depend as much upon rational and demonstrative principles, as that of any medicine in the *"Materia Medica."* — And I have reason to subscribe to the opinion. — "Cicero," he remarks, "asserts its amazing power, and Plato supposes that the effect of harmony on the mind, is equal to that of air on the body. Its divine influence," he continues, "is exemplified by David, in the cure of Saul; and the Eastern monarch, who had conquered the world, was himself subdued by the seraphic strains of Timotheus's harp. It mitigates bodily pain, suspends the malignant force of madness and despair, and lulls the soul into tranquillity and peace. Let us," he proceeds, "appeal to the refined feelings of those most susceptible of the divine power of
of

of harmony, to prove its sovereign influence over the mind : viz. that it is the true oblivious antidote ;—the *Nepenthe* of the gods, to heal the wounded spirit, to exalt the mind above low-thoughted care, and lap it in Elysium.”

I am highly delighted with these observations, because they accord with nature, and are founded on just principles.—How exquisite would it be, were all the sciences, without the incumbrance of hypothetical system or professional jargon, thus pleasingly illustrated ! Then, indeed, even we, my dear Carolina, might be tempted to exclaim,

How charming is divine philosophy !
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets—*

* Milton.

But

But you ascribe too much power even to the divinity of music, when you imagine its airs might allay the passion of Werter, as the wand of a magician is supposed to quell a tempest. That it sometimes “lulls the soul into tranquillity and peace,” I happily experience: but love is a passion—alas! my dear friend, am I not adding fuel to the flame, by administering the liquid notes of harmony?—And such too as Werter has selected!—Since my acquaintance with him, my musical taste has undergone considerable change. Those compositions, whose chief merit consists in difficulty of execution, and which I took a pride in performing, are totally rejected for the simple strains of ancient melody, which touch the ear with exquisite sweetness, and find access to the inmost recesses of the heart; and indeed, what is that music or poetry
good

good for, which produces no effect on the mind?—There is very little modern music that Werter will fit to hear: he says, it is like Gothic architecture, whose parts, instead of captivating, serve to puzzle and confound; whilst the harmonious strains of antiquity, like the Grecian temples, charm us by an union of grandeur and simplicity.

Indeed, simplicity ought to be the leading principle, not only in all the arts, but in life itself; and happy they, who, in their moral conduct, follow simplicity: for “all her ways, are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!”

L E T-

L E T T E R XLVII.

ADIEU! a long adieu to the white hours of domestic peace!—O, my Carolina! I stand on a fearful precipice, and find no friendly hand to snatch me from the dismal prospect!—Condemn me not, my dearest girl, —condemn not your Charlotte—she is innocent and unhappy.

I see, and pity the sufferings of Werter:—though pity be allied to love, yet, friendship sure may pity:—I pity him, Carolina, and my heart sinks when I see him. Miserable and dejected, he strives in vain to hide a passion which consumes him.—His countenance is pale; his spirits sunk, and he no longer joins society with cheerfulness. Even in these cold
nights,

nights, the moon only witness to his woe, he wanders o'er the hill of Walheim, and sighs to the blast that whistles through the leafless trees.—Indeed, indeed, Carolina, I cannot but pity him.—His time, his youth, is wasted in a vain pursuit; his spirits destroyed; his life, perhaps—O, my Carolina; am I the cause of all this misery?—and can I be happy?

I do not remonstrate in vain. Alarmed, lest Albert should notice the foolish extravagancies he daily commits, and attribute them to the real cause, I reproved Werter for his excesses, and pointed out to him the fatal consequences of a conduct so incompatible with my peace. As if passion were to be eradicated by impairing reason, he drank wine to excess, and endeavoured to seek consolation in forgetfulness *. To see him

* See Werter, Letter LXVII.

thus enervate his intellectual faculties, and injure his health, gave me pain, and I dissuaded him from it; for tho' wine may drown the finer feelings, it will not extinguish passion.

"O Charlotte," he said, "let me indulge myself in forgetting every thing: even in forgetting you, best and dearest of women!—let me forget all your charms, and all your goodness; for every tender recollection"—
 "Do not," I said, "do not pursue this course:—Think of Charlotte!"—
 For, if I can by any means turn his passion to his own advantage, am I not right to do it?—But to find, that I have this influence makes me unhappy.

My dear Carolina!—friend of my heart!—thou, who in knowing, sharpest all my sufferings, with Charlotte bend the knee to Providence, for the

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resto-

restoration of sweet tranquillity!—I
ask not happiness. — Illumine once
more, O heaven! with the cheering
rays of thy peace, the sorrowful bo-
som of Charlotte!

L E T-

L E T T E R XLVIII.

IT will not be, my Carolina! I ask too great a bounty at the hand of heaven: every thing concurs to make me wretched:—Alas! there is no peace for Charlotte.

Werter has seen him, Carolina! he has seen Henry!—"Were I like *him*," he said, "I should be happy; he knows not his wretchedness:—in his bosom there is room for hope: he climbs the wild rock to gather flowers in winter; but I have no object; I wander"—"Why, Werter," I said, "why will you seek every opportunity to aggravate distress?"—He interrupted me: "There is but one way, to be like him—there is but one way for Werter to be as happy as

K 2

Henry."

Henry." — "What do you mean, Werter?" I said, and held to him my trembling hand—"Alas!" he replied, "that the possession of this boasted reason should be given us only to distinguish, and to adore the excellencies we cannot obtain!"—"Indeed, Werter," I said, "you are not well; repose yourself:"—and I flew to my harpsichord. I could hardly play; but, that he might not imagine I regarded any thing he had said, I attempted to sing one of his favourite airs. He sat, and looked at me, as I have seen Henry look;—and when I had finished the air, he said, "Charlotte is kind: she comes like a ministering angel of light, and with seraphic strains, leads my mind from woe: thanks, my dearest Charlotte,—I breathe again!"

Fortunately the children came in from walking, and by their innocent prattle,

prattle, diverted his attention. The whole cry was for a story: "Tell us the story of the prince that was served by dwarfs," said Josephina.—"No, no," exclaims Maria, who can hardly speak plain yet, "Tell us the story of the little boy and the giant." The little boy and the giant carried the day, and Werter told it with so much solemnity, that though they had heard it twenty times before, they were wonderfully silent. Maria sat on his knee, and all the rest stood round him, with their eyes fixed on him, delighted to hear how the little boy got into the giant's castle, and took away all his fine things; "which he could never have done," said Werter, "if he had not been a very good boy;"—for, to tell children a story without a moral adapted to their capacities, is giving them unwholesome food; it is sowing tares without wheat,

and planting shrubs that will bear neither fruit nor foliage.

The children were no sooner put to bed, than Albert came in, and I thought he looked coolly on Werter. I believe I was mistaken, for I afterwards found, that he had been engaged in business, that had, in some degree, ruffled his temper. As I knew Werter was ignorant of the cause of Henry's wretched situation, I retired the moment I heard that unhappy subject introduced.—It is impossible, my dear Carolina, to describe the perturbations I experienced during this interval. I considered the impressions every word would make on the mind of Werter, already agitated with a sight of the miserable sufferer.—I went into my chamber, and, reflecting on my situation, I could not refrain tears, and, on my knees, to ask of Providence the blessing of his protec-

protection, and to shower on our afflicted minds the reviving dews of heavenly tranquillity. — And surely heaven heard my prayers, for when I returned, Werter seemed composed ; but on leaving us, gave me a look that affected me, as if I were conscious of having committed some crime. — Thus it is, my Carolina, that my feelings are, as it were, played upon, and every note, alas, strikes sorrow to my heart.—Adieu, my dearest friend, once more, adieu !

L E T T E R XLIX.

TOO well I know the heart of Werter, my dear Carolina, too well, alas, I know his heart, to follow your friendly counsel.—My mind misgives me, when I think of telling him, not to waste his time at Walheim lodge.—The excess of his passion, Carolina—I shudder but to think of it!—

I have reason, Carolina, to imagine fearful things.—And though I am depressed and spiritless,—so far, alas, from following your counsel,—I receive him with borrowed smiles—yes, your once lively Charlotte is a stranger to the sweet emotions of heart-felt cheerfulness—and treat him with mild complacency *. This conduct might

* See Werter, Letter LXIX.

appear

appear blameable in the eyes of a stranger; but my Carolina knows my heart. We must suit our actions, so as that they never deviate from the line of rectitude, to the exigencies of time.—O heaven! that ever Charlotte—my heart, be still!

The story of Henry has made a deep impression on the mind of Werter.—“Nothing,” he said, yesterday, “nothing but his happy transition”—*happy* he called it!—“could have made existence sufferable: yet I endure”—“Werter,” I said, “you seek distress, and indulge yourself in imaginary woes.”—“Imaginary! Charlotte?”—and, lifting up his eyes, he added—“O God! thou hast pitied Henry—thou hast taken him from himself—but Werter”—“Forbear, Werter,” I said, “forbear this wild extravagance: I must not hear you; it is cruel to remind me of Henry’s suffer-

sufferings.”—“ Can Werter then,” he said, “ be cruel to Charlotte? he whose life is not worth a thought, who” —“ Pardon me, Werter,” I said, “ a life like yours, which might be rendered an ornament to society” —“ Alas,” he replied, “ the existence of any human creature is of little moment: as every tree adds to the shade of the forest, so one being adds to the number of society; but he falls like a plant in an unknown valley unnoticed, and quickly forgotten.”—“ Nay, Werter,” I said, “ you do wrong to society: no man falls unnoticed, nor unregretted; we bedew with tears the pale corse, and remember with tenderness the virtues that gave loveliness to life. But if it were not so, think,” I added, “ think, Werter, of the consequence of life in the eye of heaven—of him who regardeth even the fall of a sparrow!” —Taking

—Taking hold of my hand, and kissing it, he said, “ It is in your power, Charlotte—if, indeed, all society were like yours—who would not wish for life, when to live would be to enjoy happiness ?”—“ These compliments, Werter,” I said, “ are due elsewhere.” —“ Compliments !”—he exclaimed, and began to walk hastily about the room. At that instant Albert came in, and relieved me from a conversation that exceedingly oppressed me.

Always welcome, my dear Albert !
—How thy steady mildness, and the serenity of thy reason, charm away the perturbations of my mind, and restore half its infant peace to my throbbing heart * !—Thou com’st like

* In this, as well as several other passages, the language is too poetical for epistolary composition. It may, however, with justice, be remarked, that it is a prevailing fault among young writers, to give into this kind of diction, especially those whose reading, like Charlotte’s, has been chiefly confined to the poets.

the smiling blushes of the breezy morning, after a tempestuous night.

Do not censure me for rejecting your counsel. I give thee, my dearest girl, a thousand thousand thanks for thy good wishes.—Is there no certain course?—To temporize is dangerous.—Whilst Werter regards society with indifference, and is “at war with himself,”—do you not see the fatal tendency of his sentiments?—O Carolina!—I tremble as I write—Adieu!

L E T-

L E T T E R L.

HOW dangerous is that philosophy which lends its aid to melancholy, and dresses creation in the robes of sorrow!—which extinguishes the lambent flame of cheerfulness, and sinks in clouds the glimmering star of reason!—This is that fatal philosophy which, instead of repressing, gives internal succour to the passions, and adds the influence of sentiment to the emotions of desire; and—O my Carolina!—this is the philosophy of Werter!

To day again—"I see, Charlotte," he said, "I plainly see what is the destiny of man:—he must fill up the measure of his sufferings, and drink the bitter draught;—none are excluded from this—the lot is universal;
and

and had I not the mournful privilege to bathe this hand with tears,"—I interrupted him :—" Indeed, Werter," I said, " Providence is kind to all ;— what ' though sadness tarrieth through the night, joy cometh in the morning ;' — but you, Werter, have no right to utter the language of complaint ; you, whose mind is enlarged, and who have faculties to enjoy every intellectual blessing.—Consider, Werter," I added, " consider the thousands that pine in want, and sicken with disease, to whom the sun brings no comfort, and the night no repose —others, to whom the world is a dreary wilderness, through which, with sorrowful hearts, they wander, and find not where to lay their head, till, destitute and comfortless, with no pitying voice to sooth their sorrows, no kind hand to relieve their wants, they sink, with eyes uplifted to the ruling power,

power, and they expire, Werter, without a murmur—nay, they bless the hand that afflicts—and shall we, Werter,”—“ O Charlotte !” he said, “ it is hard to know the human heart ; they that thus wander in misery, and embrace their woe, find some secret charm in existence, and clasp the imaginary good till it deserts them.”—

“ Yes, Werter,” I replied, “ there is a secret charm that weds them to their woe : the still small voice that whispers comfort, and tells them that felicity is the attendant on submission ; and vain is that philosophy, Werter, which, by expanding the mind, weakens principle.”—“ I boast not of philosophy,” he said, “ *my* mind, Charlotte, admits not of its comforts : one image only dwells there — the whole world affords no diversity to me — ’tis a blank.”—“ Where, Werter,” I asked, “ where is that spirit of genius,

nius, and that love of nature from which you derived unspeakable pleasures?—where the friendly cheerfulness that gave delight to our evenings, and made winter pleasing?—Indeed, Werter,” I added, smiling, though my heart was full, “indeed, you must be corrected:—is it not childish, for the want of some particular object, to reject all the blessings that surround us?—we cannot enjoy perpetual sunshine.”—“Go on, dearest of women,” he said, “go on: I can bear this from you, because you, Charlotte, are that one object for which I have patience to look on others—but when I leave you, my dear Charlotte, then all my resolves vanish—I see your image—your voice continues to charm me—every thing affects my heart, but those precepts that would instil forgetfulness, and make me look on Charlotte with indifference: I cannot,” he added,

added, "Charlotte, I cannot forget, and whilst I remember, I must be miserable."—"Come, Werter," I said, and I gave him my hand, "I am sure your health is impaired, and you expose yourself too much to the rigour of the wintry elements: let your friendship for us, induce you to be more careful of yourself."—

Having said this, I went to my harpsichord, and played some lively airs.—How I learn to deceive myself!—whilst my fingers strike the notes of joy, my heart throbs with woe!—Alas, my Carolina! will it never again feel the vibration of rapture?

L E T-

L E T T E R L I.

I WAS not mistaken—Carolina, my misery is complete!—Albert—how shall I write, whilst my eyes stream with tears, and my hand trembles thus?—Albert—O, Carolina! what am I become that Albert—my heart bleeds, — I cannot write — Gracious God! am I doomed only to create sorrow?

L E T-

LETTER LII.

HE treats him coldly, yet he finds him here!—Yes, my dearest friend, I am guiltless—Alas, that my hours wore the colour of my thoughts!—I am guiltless, Carolina,—but Albert's peace is wounded!—O no!—'tis a fatal delusion:—if Charlotte were innocent, could Albert be unhappy?—My thoughts!—heaven only reads my thoughts—heaven only sees my heart.—Albert marks my woe—he sees dimness in my eyes—he hears the sigh I vainly endeavour to suppress—he hears, and thinks it is a sigh to Werter: for—blessed with her Albert—should grief find shelter in the heart of Charlotte?

No,

No, my Carolina, he will not—surely Albert cannot doubt the fidelity of his Charlotte.—He knows her heart—he knows its tenderness.—Its tenderness, Albert! never shall become a weakness:—“Affliction may subdue the cheek, but not take in the mind.”—O God! who knowest my heart, strengthen and support it, that, —in suffering under thy will—the voice of murmuring may never pass my lips!

Werter sees Albert look on me with the eye of reserve—it pierces him to the heart. He sees he is an unwelcome guest at Walheim lodge—and yet he is daily here!—Unhappy man! why will he pursue the visionary shade that leads to ruin?

On every side distressed! — The children rejoicing at the approaching festival, call to my remembrance happy, happy hours that are past! Their
little

little hearts exult, and they talk of nothing but Christmas and sweet-meats, and what pleasures are coming, when Carolina and Theresa will bring them toys from the town !—The dear infants cast their wondering eyes on my starting tears ; their joy is suddenly suppressed, and their harmless bosoms throb with a sensation they never felt before.—Alas, my Carolina ! what has Charlotte done, that heaven thus afflicts her, and all around her ?—If I have wandered into indiscretion—and if indiscretion *thus* is punished, what must be the lot of guilt !—Father of mercies !—shield me !

Werter has not been gone long. He was here all the afternoon, and was going before ; but I would make him stay till Albert came, to save me the confusion of saying he had been here in Albert's absence.—Instead of conversing with me, Albert takes a
book,

book, or amuses himself with the children.—His reserve, Carolina, chills my heart! I see no kindness in his eye. I watch in vain for those glances that speak the silent satisfaction of the soul;—and instead of soothing my mind with music, I retire to indulge myself in tears.

L E T-

L E T T E R LIII.

WHERE is the peace that blesses the vacant mind?—Is it the lot of sensibility to be wretched?—Or am I not dead to sensibility?—When I thought I possessed it in a more than common degree, was I not more than commonly happy?—Have I not often said, that even the grief of sensibility is a luxury?

Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown!

I feel for the woes of another, and I am wretched.—I am something more than wretched, Carolina :—a new sensation arises in my bosom—I tremble to think!—perhaps it is guilt!—Are then my tears criminal?—are my sighs offensive to heaven?—They are,
my

my Carolina!—for do they not wound the peace of Albert?

How difficult is it, to conduct ourselves with unerring propriety, when the heart is subject to those emotions which tend to an untimely indulgence of even virtuous inclination!

L E T-

LETTER LIV.

IN vain I try to sooth my mind with music. Even the most lively airs add to my melancholy. They recal to my memory past pleasures :

Of joys departed, never to return,
How painful the remembrance!

When the memory is tenacious of past felicity, and hope fails to fill the mind with ideal prospects of future bliss; then it is, that anguish becomes doubly bitter; and the retrospection even of innocence, adds new sighs to melancholy, and gives fresh poignancy to grief.—Let the soothing voice of thy friendship, Carolina, calm my

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troubled spirit, and teach me to regain
the consolation—the unspeakable con-
solation—of a mind at ease !

L E T

LETTER LV.

YOUR letter, my dear friend, gives me comfort; but Carolina's letters always communicate a ray of that divine peace, which beams in her own mind.

Werter has not been here to day, and I feel my heart calm. Albert smiled when he came in, and my bosom, for a moment, fluttered with a sensation it has long been a stranger to. My father too came, and told us, he had found a companion for Werter — "And Werter," Albert said, "would do well to seek company." It was Antonine, whose story my father had accidentally learned, and told to Albert.—I saw it affected him; and, for the first time in my

life, I heard him use an acrimonious expression: it related to the conduct of Adelaide.—As if I had been equally guilty, I felt the severity of his remark, and retired to give relief to my feelings. This too was the first time my dear father ever administered to the distress of his Charlotte:—happily for him, he knew it not.

I cannot subscribe to your opinion, that I should speak to Albert on this unhappy subject. Though the object would be to vindicate my innocence, would not such an appeal imply a degree of self-conviction? Silence best becomes unaccused innocence.—And if, indeed, it were adviseable, how, my Carolina, how should I find words—how find power to utter them?—Charlotte was never taught the language of supplication, but when she addressed the throne of mercy.

My

My father enquires after you, my dear Carolina, and depends—as we all do—on seeing you very soon. The winter has not made less havock about Walheim, than sorrow has in the bosom of your friend. Your favourite lime trees, at the top of the garden, are blown down; the waters have done considerable damage, and the river in the valley, on whose banks we have so often wandered in summer evenings, is now a dreary sea. Too like the change I find in my own mind, I look on it with terror. My eyes search in vain for the objects that diversified the beauties of the valley—I see nothing but a solitary tree, reserved, like myself, to be a witness of more woe :—a weeping monument of what has been!

LETTER LVI.

YES, a kind of desolation surrounds me. Nature seems as dead to animation, as my heart to joy. Yet spring shall renew the foliage of the fields, and summer suns shall ripen the harvest of autumn.—Perhaps tranquillity may revisit my bosom, and Charlotte may again be happy.—This is the language of hope :—of hope far distant ; the prospect before me is gloomy : it presents scenes of terror—I dread to look forwards—O Thou ! at whose word, myriads of worlds rush into existence, and whose smile diffuses joy through all—dispel the gloom of sorrow, and chase from hence the shadow of despair—let cheerfulness revisit

visit my sad bosom, and domestic felicity once more reign at Walheim.

Anxiety, my dearest friend, anxiety preys on my heart. Unknown to me now, are the delightful pleasures resulting from the cheerful converse of surrounding friends, and the communion of elegant sentiment.—Alas, my Carolina! can I recal the past, without tears?—the days of infancy, when my heart was a stranger to all sorrow, and the smiles of my dearest mother made a heaven indeed!—Why do my tears stream afresh?—Her spirit hovers over me: I hear her voice.—Those are the soothing, the sweetest moments of my life, when, rapt in a pleasing delusion, I see, and I converse with the shade of her whose blessing will preserve me.

Have I not seen her, where she has not been?
Have I not clasp'd her shadow? Trod her steps;
Transported trod! as if they led to heaven? *

* Young.

Had she yet lived—had Werter known her, he would have revered and loved her. The contemplation of her virtues, the charms of her conversation, would have soothed his mind, and rectified his judgment; and the fancied excellencies of Charlotte would have made no impression on the mind of Werter.

Pardon me, my dear Carolina: pardon this incoherency,—When shall I be able again to write with a heart at ease?

L E T

LETTER LVII.

LIKE those evanescent glimmerings before death, which sometimes flatter weeping friends with illusive hopes; were the serene moments that whispered returning peace to my soul. Alas, they are fled!—and again—

Albert continues to love his Charlotte; he has given ease to her heart even by reproof; it was the reproof of cruelty and tenderness. A day or two ago, when he went out,—for he would not see my tears; he would not mark my confusion,—as he opened the door, and I could not see his countenance, he said,—“From a regard to appearance only, it would be well, Charlotte, to abate the ardour of your friendship to Werter, and not see him

so often."—It was in vain that I hastened to the door—it was in vain that I cried, "O Albert! hear me!"—he was gone. I ran up to my chamber window, and saw him walk with hasty steps from the lodge, and often put his handkerchief to his eyes. It pierced my heart, that the dearest and best of men, should leave his Charlotte thus, and fly from her that should wipe away his tears. I saw him increase the quickness of his walk, as if distance from Charlotte would afford relief to his mind. Alas, I could not see him long!—my eyes streamed;—I sunk on a chair.

When my tears had sufficiently relieved me, and my heart ceased to beat with excess of grief, I determined instantly to obey the command of Albert, and to find out some mode of relieving myself from the visits of Werter. I received consolation from the reflection,

tion, that Albert would soon see Charlotte valued his peace, and revered his mandate.

In the evening, before Albert returned, Werter came.—I was preparing Christmas gifts for the children. I thought Werter seemed in better spirits than usual. He talked of the innocent delights of infancy; and said, he envied the happiness of children that were unexpectedly surprised with fruit and sweetmeats, ushered in with wax-lights that communicate a sudden rapture to every countenance: —“ You shall have a gift too,” I said, “ if you behave well.” —“ What do you mean, Charlotte?” he asked. —“ Thursday night,” I replied, “ is Christmas-eve: the children are all to be here—do you come too—but do not come before that time.” — He looked earnestly in my face; I saw his emotion; but I repeated my request.

quest. "We must not," I added, "go on in this manner any longer."

—I found my heart relieved by having said so much. Werter, in great agitation, walked across the room. He gave no attention to several questions that I asked him, but at last said, "Charlotte, I will never see you more!"—"Nay, Werter," I said, "we may, we must see one another."

—I marked the fire in his eyes, and, taking his hand, I begged of him to be calm, and to conquer an attachment to me, who could only pity him.—"Do not," I said, "deceive yourself: do not seek your own destruction; why must it be only me, me who belong to another?"—He looked at me with an angry countenance.—The tears of Albert had made too great an impression to be easily effaced, and I continued to entreat Werter to get the better of his unfortunate

tunate attachment : I advised him to see more company,—to travel. Lifting up his eyes, he said—“ A little time, Charlotte, and all will be well ! ” —Again I begged him, not to come before Christmas-eve.

Albert came in : he might easily discover confusion in Werter, and coldly asked him to stay supper. I wished he would ; but dare not join in the request.—A painful silence succeeded. Werter's heart was full ; and at last he took leave of us abruptly—I knew it was to hide his tears.

Albert observed his confusion, and attributing it to my having attended to his admonition, became cheerful, but seemed to avoid saying any thing of Werter, who, I told him, would not come again till Christmas-eve.—“ I must go, Charlotte,” Albert said, “ to W. Selfstadt's ; I have neglected that business too long.”—I knew, my dear

dear Carolina, of this journey, and that it would detain Albert all night; and I feared it was postponed for a reason which I trembled to think on. This intimation confirmed the idea; and I could not but grieve that Albert should doubt the faith of Charlotte.

Where there is no confidence, there can be no happiness:—and should Albert—can he—alas! what means this pressure of my heart? my mind is guiltless; yet it whispers fearful things!

Now, my Carolina, now it is, that I feel the sacred influence of religious sentiment, and the unspeakable blessing of a spotless mind. Amidst all my distress, it conveys a sensation which philosophy cannot communicate. It is the holy star that guides my wandering steps, and saves me from despair!

L E T-

LETTER LVIII.

ALL, all may yet be well, my Carolina!—The absence of Werter affords my mind relief; and Albert loves his Charlotte with tenderness. Theresa will soon be here, and your presence, my dear friend, will add to the pleasures of the approaching festival.

I have not slept of late, till last night, and I had pleasant dreams. Philosophy teaches us to despise the chimeras of fancy, while the poet says that “dreams descend from Jove.” It is long, my dearest girl, since my mind dwelt on a pleasing idea, and I will, for a moment, indulge myself in the recollection of imaginary bliss.—

And

And what, but imaginary, is the bliss of half the world?—The pleasures of ambition, of pomp, of luxury, all, all imaginary—all delusive as the visions of a mind disturbed.

My fancy presented a spacious garden, blooming with flowers, and watered with fountains; diversified with shrubberies, and vocal with melody. The lodge and the shades of Walheim seemed afar off. I wandered a considerable time, lamenting the absence of Albert, as we always wish those whom we love best to partake of all our pleasures. —Ascending an eminence, rendered inviting by a pleasant arbour on its summit, my foot slipped, and, at that instant, —O, my Carolina! my heart yet glows with the fiction!—I found myself in the arms of the best of women, my dear mother, whilst Albert, with smiles, seemed

seemed to wait our approach in the harbour.—She embraced us tenderly: I was lost in ecstasy. Throwing my arms round Albert's neck, and bathing his bosom with tears of joy, "Albert," I said, "I am thine indeed!"—With sweet mildness, my mother blessed us: "Be faithful, and be happy!—Remember," she said, "always remember,

When lovers swear true faith, the listening angels
Stand on the golden battlements of heaven,
And waft their vows to the eternal throne."

I fancied we quitted the harbour, and that, casting my eyes towards Walheim, I beheld Werter, pale, and with tears, passing through the grove of lime trees—Turning to speak, the sudden disappearance of that dearest of women and of Albert, awoke me.—

Yet

Yet even this, my Carolina, fictitious as it is, made me happy. To feel my heart throb with joy, though in a dream, is now a luxury to Charlotte !

L E T.

L E T T E R L I X.

HAPPY they whose ill-fortune extends not to their friends!—whose sufferings do not wound the peace of those they love best!—But love shares our woes, and gives a double bitterness to misery. My dear, dear Carolina, do not let my misfortunes ruin the tranquillity of thy mind: do not, my dearest girl, suffer with me:—pity, and comfort me.

And comfort, Carolina, will be a welcome guest; surely it will come with Carolina and Theresa. Albert is gone his journey. Alone, and melancholy, how could I sustain new sorrow?—how could I bear additional calamity, and live to tell thee, my Carolina, that Henry—I know thou wilt

wilt turn pale—poor Henry is no more !

In his wanderings—wretched wanderer that he was!—he strayed thro' a neighbouring village afflicted with an endemial fever ; he became infected, and was ill some days. As his strength decayed, his mind returned. He talked of Charlotte :—he enquired after my dear mother, who always treated him with kindness ; he was told she was dead !—He wrung his hands, and cried like a child—“ But Charlotte,” he said, “ Charlotte is alive.”—His poor mother—unhappy, unthinking woman !—said, “ Charlotte is married to Albert.”—His cries instantly ceased ; with wildness in his eyes, and raising his folded hands, he sunk in his mother's arms and expired.

This day the earth received his remains : accidentally going into one of the back chambers, I saw at a distance
the

the melancholy procession : my heart turned cold—I wished to avoid the sight, but could not move *. My eyes were filled with tears, and yet I gazed and saw the train of mourners, through the branches of the trees covered with snow, and shaken with chilling blasts : the wind was high, and conveyed to my ears the mournful notes of the funeral psalm, which they sung as they moved along ; sometimes by a sudden gust of wind, I heard the faint sound of the distant bell.—When they came opposite the lodge, for a moment, every eye was turned towards the wretched mansion of Charlotte.—Alone, and terrified, I sunk on my knees : I lifted my

* Funerals in Germany, are usually attended by all the relatives of the deceased, besides friends, sometimes forming a procession of eighty or a hundred people, uniformly clad in mourning cloaks.

streaming

streaming eyes to heaven, but I could not speak—God saw my sorrows and pitied me: he took from my mind, the poignancy of grief.—I arose, and my eyes once more wandered after the sad spectacle. At a distance from the rest, I saw a young man, with folded arms, his loose hair streaming in the wind, and his eyes fixed on the earth, following with pensive steps, the sorrowful procession. From Theresa's description, I knew it was the unhappy Antonine, who, feeling what it is to love, and be deserted, perhaps envies the everlasting peace of Henry! —For thy peace, melancholy youth! is to be envied by all who know not the felicity of a mind at ease—Thy poor distracted brain no longer dwells on real or fancied misery: thy heart no longer beats with unutterable feelings; thou hast found a cure for all affliction:

Death ends thy woe;
And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene.

O my Carolina ! there is an anguish
in my mind which I will not,—cannot
describe to thee : must I communicate
nothing but sorrow ? Surely Albert's
return will give relief to my heart.
Adieu ! my dearest friend, my kind
Carolina, adieu !

L E T T E R

L E T T E R L X.

C H A N C E—no, it is not chance, for what—Father of lights !—what has chance to do in a world governed by thy providence? No : it is thy will that Charlotte should suffer ; that one woe should succeed another, as clouds follow clouds, and gather into storms—but let thy goodness disperse them—mercifully disperse them, before they overwhelm me !

A few hours after I had seen the melancholy spectacle of Henry's funeral, my mind had become, in some degree, calm ; and in the evening, I sat musing on the vicissitudes to which even a life of retirement is exposed. I thought on Werter : I recalled to my mind past scenes ; and lamented the

the fate of an attachment from which I promised myself the pleasures of an innocent friendship.—I felt, deeply felt, for the anxiety of Albert, who, in his absence, might think too much of Werter, when—to my inexpressible astonishment—I heard the voice of Werter on the stairs!—It was too late to be denied. I was distressed, and reproved him. For some minutes, I knew not what to do; at last I sent to desire Sophia Andran, to come and sit with me; she had company. I sent to others, but before the servant returned, it rained violently. I then thought of calling in my maid; but, conscious of my own innocence, and ashamed to take so unusual a step, I sat down to my harpsichord, and, after playing a few minutes, to prevent Werter entering into conversation, I desired him to read something, and gave him his own translation of Ossian.

I saw his heart was full ; and the passage he read affected me to tears. It conveyed an idea of our mutual sufferings. Werter seized my hand, and kissed it with an agitation that made me tremble.—I desired him to proceed with the poem : “ To-morrow,” he read, “ shall the traveller come ; he that saw me in my beauty shall come : his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me.”—The heart of Werter sunk at these words : a torrent of tears ran down his cheeks ; he threw himself at my feet, and whilst his whole frame shook, he put my hands against his forehead.—Horror, instantly converted into pity, seized me ; my heart told me his fatal resolution : a thousand sensations arose in my bosom—fear,—pity, was predominant :—trembling, I sunk in his arms ;—for the first time, these lips met the lips of Werter. The ardour
of

of his embrace recalled my bewildered senses: "Werter!" I said, with a tremulous accent,—but he pressed me to his bosom;—raising myself, and turning my face from him, the picture of my dear mother met my eyes. The full idea of virtue rushed into my mind: I was instantly collected, and with a determined tone, I repeated "Werter!"—He fell on his knees before me—O Carolina! what emotions at that moment, filled my torn bosom!—at that moment, at once pitying and resenting, I pronounced the words of eternal separation!—"This is the last time!—Werter, you will never see me more!"—My heart bled, Carolina, as I spoke the words—I spoke them, and with a last look, flew into my room.

O, my Carolina! what a night of terror and distress!—How did my heart beat when I heard the door shut

after Werter !—the rain poured ; and the dreadful idea he had raised in my mind—my imagination presented such fearful images !—It was in vain to seek repose : a thousand recollections kept me awake. A new sensation pervaded my bosom—yes, my Carolina, I felt a friendship too tender for Werter ; and, for the first time, I dreaded the looks of Albert.—

Long and dismal was the night ; my hurried fancy was filled with sad ideas :—the new-made grave of Henry ;—the floods of water that Werter, in despair, must pass in his gloomy road to Walheim !—At one moment the fervour of his kisses thrilled thro' my heart, whilst blushes burned my cheeks :—the next, my veins ran cold, when I thought I heard his sighs in the howling wind, that almost shook the lodge.—To add to my grief, the morning light promised no comfort.

At

At length sleep came to my relief ;
 short sleep, disturbed by gloomy visi-
 ons ; but in the morning, my spirits
 wearied out, sunk in repose ; and I
 was but just arisen, when Albert re-
 turned.

LETTER LXI.

WHAT dreadful lives, alas ! must they lead, my Carolina, who have feelings to hide, and from those that love them most !—I was alarmed, lest Albert should discover sadness in my eyes, and tried to receive him with a glow of ecstasy : he was cool, and when he asked me who I had seen, I said, “ Werter spent an hour here yesterday.”—Going into his own room, he replied, “ He chuses his time well.”—It stung me to the heart ; and, for a moment, I felt an emotion something allied to resentment ; but then I recollected, how good, how gentle, how steady,—all the amiable qualities of my dear Albert filled my mind, and, taking my work, I followed, and
asked

asked him whether he wanted any thing; he said, "No," and began to write. It was painful to hide my tears. I suffered enough; but to complete my wretchedness, Werter's boy came with a fatal message:—"Give him the pistols," Albert said.—I started—my heart died away—my blood ran cold—O Carolina! how did my trembling limbs support me?—I took down the deadly instruments.—Freezing with horror, I stood wiping off the dust: long, long should I have stood, had not the eye of Albert—With tears, I gave them to the poor boy, who seemed to wonder, and pity my distress.

I gave the fatal instruments!—Cruel, cruel Charlotte! what hast thou done!—Why did I not fall at Albert's feet, and tell him all I knew?—"Give him the pistols!"—O Albert! I heard; and I obeyed thee!—"For
a jour-

a journey!"—Were then my words prophetic?—and shall I never see thee more?"—"Give him the pistols!"—Carolina! my heart is marble!—"Give him the pistols!"—Death was in the word—and yet I live!—No comfort, no Carolina,—no Theresa with me; I sent for Sophia Selfadt to dine with me—"Werter," she said, "is a stranger of late."—Albert replied, "He is gone a journey."—The tear stood in my eye. I silently heard Sophia speak of his accomplishments.—Poor girl! she knew not that every word went to my heart!—

And now, dearest, best of friends! my mind forebodes dreadful calamities!—I know not when I shall write to thee again. Pray for me, Carolina—pray for Werter:—I see him, Carolina, I see him take the fatal arms from the innocent boy; I hear him ask who delivered them:—yes, he
kisses

kisses them as the last gift of Charlotte!—

I fear, Carolina, thou canst not read what I now write—my tears blot the paper—and thine will fall on my ill-omened words.—I cannot write any more, to thee;—without any one to comfort or assist me, my heart sinks; my hand is feeble.—Recollect, my dearest Carolina, all the scenes of our youth:—remember Charlotte always loved thee. My hand fails me—adieu! adieu!—I send thee Werter's picture—Is it a crime to kiss it before it leaves me?—I send thee a thousand kisses, Carolina—thou wilt find them warm on Werter's picture.—O Carolina, farewell!—God for ever bless thee!

L E T-

L E T T E R L X I I .

BE not alarmed, my dearest Carolina—the pen is Theresa's, but the words are Charlotte's. Hasten, dear girl, to join with Theresa, in comforting Charlotte.—Yes, my Carolina, Charlotte lives to mourn the death of Werter!—The fatal moment is past!—our hopes and fears are in the grave!

He is no more, Carolina!—Werter—he whom we all admired; whom Charlotte now may love, and whose memory, whilst remembrance is her's, will be dear to her,—that unhappy Werter is no more!

I went to bed early last night: sorrow pressed heavy on me; a dream awoke me—I heard the clock strike twelve—O power of sympathy!—my
heart

heart was suddenly chilled—I thought the cold hand of Werter beckoned me!—I shrieked: Albert started from his sleep, “What cry is that!” he said; I was afraid to speak: I counterfeited sleep—for, hard as is the task, Charlotte has learned to counterfeit—I counted the dark hours till six, when it was yet dark;—the gate-bell rung—horror shook me: “Albert!” I said, “Albert!—the bell!”—He instantly arose, and, putting on his night-gown, descended. Half-dressed,—my heart throbbing with unutterable feelings—I followed.—The sight of Werter’s boy in tears, surrounded by the astonished servants, shocked me: Trembling I took hold of Albert’s arm—“O my master, my dear master!”—I heard no more; Albert’s arm could not support me: I fell—

O Carolina! in this insensibility I shared the peace of Werter:—my spirit

rit fled!—I know not what passed, till in the evening, I found Theresa by my bed-side, reading the last letter of Werter.—I wish—but I dare not hear it read.

Heaven, my Carolina, is yet merciful : it has spared my life to comfort Albert, who knows, and is convinced—too fatally convinced—of Charlotte's true faith. I shall live, I hope, to accomplish the last commands of my dear mother ;—I will see her children cloathed and fed—I will teach the sweet infants all that I know : all that she taught Charlotte ; but whilst I am thus,—Carolina and Theresa must assist me.

For whatever wise purposes God has thus afflicted me—he has given me power again to address his throne—I am thankful and submissive.—Hasten to us, Carolina : let Charlotte once more embrace her friend.

L E T.

LETTER LXIII.

I HAVE heard his last letter ! I have wept over every endearing recollection : Albert joined his tears with mine ; he will build a tomb to perpetuate the memory of Werter's love to Charlotte ; for though it was excessive, it was virtuous.

The dear children kneel around my bed. They lift up their little hands, and pray for Charlotte—" The black men must not take Charlotte :—Papa and Mr. Werter will kill the black men that carried mama away."—Dear, dear innocents !—fear no black men : those angels whom you most resemble, will protect you !

O, Werter !—why do you call to my remembrance the scenes that are

past!—In vain shall I look for you in the valley!—What will it avail, in a summer's evening, to walk towards the mountains, or repose me under the elms?—Shall I see your spirit in the pale clouds, or hear your voice in the passing winds?—Alas! the evening shadows will terrify me!—Suddenly emerging from behind the clouds, the glimmerings of moon-light will startle me!

O, Werter!—was it not cruel, for ever thus to wound the peace of Charlotte?—Surely thy love—but despair led thee to the brink—despair taught thee this sad lesson!—

“May my death remove every obstacle to your happiness!”—Death, Werter!—Does it not add to our misery?—Is not Albert unhappy?—Is not Charlotte wretched?—My father weeps over thee!—We shall meet no more in the groves of Walheim!—no
more

more shall we see thee musing by the river in the valley !

His last letter recalls to my memory a thousand images of past felicity : they arise before me in constant succession, and add to my grief : they are the shades of departed pleasures, of innocent delights !—

“ At the corner of the church-yard, which looks towards the fields, there are two lime trees.”—There rest thy remains !— O Werter !— my father lays thee in the appointed place.— There, will Albert build thy tomb—

But, O my Carolina ! when I think on the last fatal act !—surely I shall dread to approach the grave of him who thus rashly “ broke the golden bowl, and loosed the silver cord.”—

Sure, 'tis a fearful, a tremendous act precipitately to rush before the awful throne of God !—Not more dreadful would it be for men to behold, at midnight,

